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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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A LOVE SONG.

The song the robin sings in May,
It is the one I sing;
He has the same sweet words to say
Across the fields of spring.
Amid the green leaves on the tree,
Hark to his lyric line;
A burst of love and melody—
Sweetheart, be mine!

The south wind's message to the rose
In music soft and clear,
It is the same as mine which goes
To her whom love holds dear.
He sings 'tween crimson to her cheeks;
She trembles on the vine
With joy at every word he speaks;
Sweetheart, be mine!

So, like the south wind's and the bird's,
Let my fate be at last;
Since I have dared to steal their words
My lot with theirs I cast.
The rose and robin's mate shall give
The hearts to love—and thine.
Say the glad word and let me live;
Sweetheart, be mine!

—Frank D. Sherman in Harper Bazar.

THE FLEUR-DE-LIS.

I was a young man then, 24 years of age. That is very young, is it not? And I had been at work ever since I was a mere lad, for I had had my living to make, and at the time of which I write I held a good position and had the respect of my employers.

I had been given just at this time a holiday because of a generally worn-out condition of body and mind, having been warned by my physician that unless I followed his prescription of absolute rest and change I should succumb to a fever very prevalent then. So I crossed the channel and buried myself in a little seaport village in France. It was an ideal place in which to rest and gather strength. The salt air blew refreshingly, and all night long one could hear the sound of waves lashing up against the shore.

The only thing of interest in this quiet little place was the story of the wreck of the Fleur-de-lis and the fact that a good part of the ruined vessel still remained imbedded in the immense banks of sand which cover the coast of this region. My garrulous landlord told me the story of the ship while I discussed my rolls and coffee the morning after my arrival. The big three-masted vessel had been caught in a furious gale. It had been a storm before which the fisher folk trembled and which had since been a byword among them.

It had occurred in December, more than three months before, and in the blackness of the night the ship had completely lost her bearings and, steered at random, had struck a terrible reef some distance out. The crew and the three passengers she carried had made for the boats, but before their escape could be effected the vessel was swung about and the boats dashed against the rock. Of all on board only two were saved, the first mate and the cook. These, rescued almost by a miracle, could tell of that dreadful night.

Afterward the wind had driven the vessel on with its powerful lashings and hurled it upon the shore. It was fastened firmly by two projecting points of rock and lay upon its side, a mere discolored carcass of what had been the Fleur-de-lis.

I was sufficiently interested, especially as the sun was warm and bright, to follow my host's suggestion and stroll off to view the wreck myself. I took the direction he had pointed out, and after brisk walking found myself nearing the coast. The flat yellow sands stretched before me, and as I stepped upon their moist surface I felt that the sea had been there not long before. There was a fresh wind blowing, and the strong, fragrant salt air seemed to bring returning strength with it. I walked faster. I felt a sense of exultant life.

Finally I came upon what had looked in the distance like a black rock. It was the ruins of the vessel. But it was not entirely destroyed. After climbing over the side I could see into the hold, which was filled with debris. I marveled as the rotten planks creaked under me that the ship should have remained here so long. I even suspected some of the keener spirits of the town of making her fast, that their object of interest and curiosity might not be lost.

I stood upon the deck of the stranded vessel and looked about me with delight and admiration. From necessity I was with the large

manufacturing firm of Davenport & Co., but by nature I was an artist. With the love of art strong within me, I had all my life been obliged to crush it down until I had the means to justify my ambition and cultivate what I felt sure was my gift. Only recently had I been able to begin study, and strong encouragement had been given me. Now I seated myself amid the ruins, with my back to the shore, drew out my sketch-book and lost myself in my beloved work.

I worked steadily, for there were several fantastic points to make, and along the coast, which stretched to the right of me, there were many beautiful views to be sketched. But I was not strong, and the long walk had tired me. Moreover, the strong salt breeze carried a soothing potion upon its breath. The low surge of the waves was like a cradle song. My pencil slid from my inanimate fingers, my head dropped to one side, and my eyes closed. I slept.

I awoke suddenly. It was the sensation of cold, of a chill, which awakened me. How long had I slept? The sky had changed; it was dark, lowering. I heard the cry of a gull flying inland. I rubbed my eyes. Where was I? Was this the Fleur-de-lis? I looked again. Then I sprang to my feet and cried aloud in horror, for the ship was moving.

The sands of the fast receding beach were enveloped and concealed by the water. The tide was up, and the vessel, the vessel upon which I stood, was detached from its hold and headed out to sea! I cried aloud. I shrieked. I thought I must jump into the water. Finally I felt the helplessness of my situation and resigned myself to despair. A strong wind has sprung up, almost a squall, and it drove the ship on faster. The shores faded, about me was the measureless sea. Night came on. I was faint and worn with hunger, and I crawled down into the hold and wished for death to come to my release.

Suddenly as I lay there I heard a faint sound. It was not like any noise I had ever heard, and yet it was strangely familiar to me. I strained my ears; while I listened there passed me suddenly a gleam of light. It was surely some one carrying a lantern. Some one. Who?

I started up. Cold perspiration was upon me. The next instant I knew and recognized the sounds I had heard. It was the moving of the machinery of a vessel, but dim and far away, like the suggestion rather than the actual thing. I rose and with the sense of returning strength all fear left me. I climbed upon deck. The masts were there as they had been when the Fleur-de-lis was happily sailing homeward. The sailors were at their post. The captain, a tall, slender man, stood with his glass to his eyes. But about them all was an air of vague strangeness. A deep melancholy mingled them. Their movements were felt rather than heard.

As I stood looking without fear upon the marvelous scene my attention was arrested by the figure of a young girl. She stood with her profile toward me, the wind stirred the little curls of her light hair, with a faint, transparent hint of color in it, as is sometimes seen upon the heart of a cloud. She had a blue scarf twisted about her throat, which she held in place with the delicate fingers of one hand. On one of them there glistened a ruby of great size and brilliancy.

She turned her face slowly as I looked and smiled a faint, unimpassioned smile. I approached her, lifted my hat.

"Will you tell me," I said, my eyes feasting upon her beauty, "what ship this is and where it is going?" She looked at me half sadly, I thought, and answered in a low, vibrant tone: "It is the Fleur-de-lis, but it is dead, you know. We are all dead, and we are sailing through eternity. You are a stranger. I am glad to see you. We have been alone so long."

The voice of this young girl thrilled me as nothing had ever done before. My heart beat fast. I looked into her blue eyes, with their changing lights, and the past and future faded. I cared only for the present.

"Are you alone?" I ventured. I could scarcely restrain myself from putting my hand on her delicate wrist, from caressing her soft hair. "No," she replied; "I have my maid and Mme. d'Estel with me."

"You are French, then?" "Yes, but I was at school in England." An absent look came into her eyes. "That was long, long ago. I trust go now and help madame with dinner. We take the cook's place. He was lost, you know."

She smiled sadly and left me. A repast was presently served in the long saloon, but all hunger seemed to have left me, nor did I see any of the others partake of anything set before them. Afterward I walked on deck with the girl. We paused, looking at the horn-shaped moon together. I felt the blown strands of her hair upon my face.

"Will you tell me your name?" I whispered to her. She turned her face to me serenely. "I have forgotten," she said simply. The answer did not surprise me, for to me the past was a blank. "Then I shall call you Psyche," I said. "Very well," she replied, and we began to walk again.

Thus days went by, or at least some form of time, just what I could not tell. I was like one intoxicated with a joyous wine. I thought and cared only of the beautiful French girl. Her seductive beauty enchanted me; her proximity thrilled me with intense delight. The vessel sailed onward, but never sighted land. Before us stretched always the boundless water, now taking strange and varied hues, now bubbling and whirling around us, now sinking in to a glassy calm.

One day as I sat with Psyche, as it pleased my fancy to call her, watching her as she looked out upon the sea, I felt a sudden wild longing to paint her face. A sense of joy and delight sprang up within me. Tremblingly I asked her if I might attempt her portrait. She, with her ineffably sad smile, agreed at once.

With a touch that I should have employed in handling the silk of thistle down, I turned her head to the desired pose, adjusted the silky tendrils of her hair and began. My heart thrilled with a wild rapture as the picture grew under my hand. I designed it to be very small, scarcely more than a miniature, and after sketching her head in several different positions I chose the most suitable, if, indeed, there could be any choice. The charm of my existence cannot be described. I felt that for the first time in all my life I lived. As the delicate colors blended together with unerring touch portrayed the perfect face before me, my happiness knew no bounds.

At length the picture was completed. As I put the finishing touches upon it she rose and came to me, leaning over my shoulder to look at it.

At that moment a crash of thunder sounded, and a brilliant flash of lightning illuminated the ship. I looked up. The sky had grown black as night. The sea, with its inky waves, seemed to bound toward us. It hissed under the sting of the wind. The vessel rocked from side to side, and the water splashed upon the deck. I sprang to my feet and, thrusting the picture into my bosom, seized my companion's hand.

Another and still another clap pealed through the air. In a few moments we were almost in complete darkness save when the lightning shot in flashing lines across the sky. The fury of the storm was indescribable. The wind seemed to have gone mad. Salt spray dashed on my face, cutting like a knife. In the darkness I turned and threw my arms about the girl. As my lips sought hers there came suddenly a cry, a cry that rushed upon me like a resurrection. I felt my companion slip from my arms. By a vivid flash of lightning I caught a glimpse of her face. It was like a shadow, but wearing still that sad smile up her lips.

The next instant a light flashed before my eyes. The storm had abated, had ceased. All was calm. Beside me stood a tall man in uniform. His appearance seemed strange to me. He suggested that

which I had forgotten. He had his arm thrown about me, and he seemed to be supporting me.

"Feel better now?" He spoke in a loud, gruff voice, and it was to me like the memory of a dream.

He held something to my lips. It was like liquid fire. I gasped and turned from him.

"Psyche!" I cried. The ship, the crew, my beloved, all were gone. I stood alone upon the ruins of the Fleur-de-lis. The sea was calm and placid, the sky blue. The rotten planks were beneath my feet.

"Come, hurry," said my companion. "This won't last much longer." And he dragged me to the side of the vessel, where there was a boat. Just beyond I saw the masts of an English frigate. I felt myself being transported to the boat, and, though I shrieked and struggled, begging that those I had been with on the Fleur-de-lis might be saved, or at least that I might remain there also, it was of no avail.

"He is raving," I heard the officer mutter. "The strain has caused insanity, not unusual in such cases." I thought of Psyche, of my love, and with the despair of the thought I swooned away.

I remained unconscious, ill, for many days, and when I was myself again we were nearing the shores of England. As I tottered weakly upon the deck and, wrapped in a heavy cloak, reclined in my easy chair, I suddenly bethought me of my portrait. I put my hand in my bosom. There, close to my heart, I felt it. Tremblingly I drew it forth. I gazed with a sense of joy and relief up on it. Just as I had been, beautiful, perfect features, the exquisite turn of the head, the sweet, melancholy smile.

I pressed it to my lips in a delirium of joy. I spent myself upon it. At least I had this tangible proof of the past. It was more than I had dreamed possible, a treasure. For when I related my experience to those on board, I saw from their incredulous faces that they regarded my words but as the incoherent wanderings of a distraught brain.

The captain told me that he had espied a floating wreck, that with his glass it had appeared to him that some one was signaling, and he had sent to investigate. This story, and not mine, was everywhere received among my friends, and as I noted their pitying glances when I eagerly related my narrative, I ceased finally to make any mention of it.

But in the solitude of my chamber I kissed the loved face which I carried against my heart and heaped every dear and endearing name upon it. I had a case of chased gold made and fitted the picture to it. A fine, almost invisible gold thread was fastened to this, and it never left my person. As often as I gazed upon the sweet face which looked back at me I longed with an intense longing for the original. My heart cried out for my lost one. Willingly would I have spent all my days upon that ghastly wreck to have possessed the joy of her presence.

I mingled but little in society, for it held no attraction for me. I was considered a woman hater and looked upon with curiosity. But I was prosperous in my business. Fortune smiled upon me. I made rapid strides, and all that I touched seemed to yield tenfold. But whatever art I had in painting was lost, gone from me forever. Vainly I strove to restore my talent. I could accomplish nothing. Since the painting of that one perfect picture all else was of no avail. Finally I abandoned the effort in despair.

So time passed. Years came and went. I watched the gray hairs come about my temples, and in my uneventful life counted time "by the figures on a dial."

Eighteen years went by. It was the summer of 1889. We all remember the great heat of that year. I took a little trip into Switzerland, to Interlaken. The first evening I was there, after dinner, I stepped out on the piazza of the hotel with my cigar. I raised my eyes from lighting it. I saw standing at the other side of the balcony the figure of a young girl. Her profile only was toward me as she gazed out at the beautiful view. Her light hair was uncovered, and she had a blue

scarf twisted about her throat. As I looked she raised one hand to draw it more closely, and I caught the flash of a deep red stone upon her finger.

My heart seemed to stand still. Throwing away my cigar and shaking as an ague, I approached her. As I passed her I was obliged to steady myself by the railing. Her face was identically the same as the one I felt against my fast beating heart. She looked at me curiously and with sympathy, and the pallor of my face might well have startled her.

I sought M. Lanze, the maitre d'hotel, and begged to be introduced. He hesitated, but my earnestness increased, and finally he presented me to the young girl. Her name was Marie Ramee, and she was traveling with her invalid mother. She had but just left school.

"You remind me of a dear friend," I said to her in explanation of my presumption. The words quivered upon my lips.

When night came I took out the portrait. I looked eagerly upon the face. It was indeed a perfect likeness of this French girl. But as I looked it seemed to grow less distinct, or were my eyes tired? I replaced it without kissing the lips as I usually did.

Marie and I were much together. We walked or sat on the broad piazza looking out on the beauties around us. I longed to show her the picture, but refrained, I know not why. When I looked at it at night it seemed less fresh, less clear. I wondered if my caresses had injured it.

There came at last a day when I divined that precious gift was mine and for me was reserved God's greatest blessing. Trembling, though I felt that the treasure was already within my reach, I asked for her love. My arms encircled her, her warm lips met mine. Then I told her the story of the Fleur-de-lis—a story I had vowed never to relate again. Her eyes widened, her face paled like a white flower.

"The Fleur-de-lis!" she exclaimed. "Surely it is not possible, dear one! My mother's only sister, my young aunt, a beautiful girl, scarcely 18, was lost on that vessel. It is for her I am named. She was returning from England with a companion and maid. They all perished." Her blue eyes filled with tears. "You see it is not possible, sweetheart."

"But it is," I exclaimed, "and I have her portrait. I painted it, and I will show it to you now."

I put my hand in my bosom and drew out the case. With trembling fingers I opened it. Vaguely I gazed at it. There was nothing there; the face had faded utterly!

While I looked, horror-stricken, upon the empty case, there was breathed close to my ear a faint sigh. Twice it came almost imperceptibly, then it ceased. It was not my companion, for when I looked at her she was smiling.—*St. Louis Star.*

Black Diamonds.

Black diamonds are comparatively rare and correspondingly high priced. They are three or four times as hard as the white ones, and fire cannot harm them, however great the heat, but if a drop of water should touch them while heated, they will explode and leave nothing but a little heap of sand in their place.

Their beauty is not remarkable, but on account of their extreme hardness they are invaluable for dressing surfaces impervious to the friction of any other material. The largest black diamonds are set in the end of a round short bar of steel, with a handle of wood, and are used in dressing emery wheels that have lost their "trueness." A black diamond is the only substance that will not be ground away by contact with the emery surface.

Black diamonds are also used as points in scoring pencils which are used by sealers of weights and measures to mark glass receptacles. They are used by dentists for drilling teeth before filling them with gold. In appearance they look more like a shining little splinter of iron, or grain of coal, than a precious gem, and their chief mission is a distinctly commercial and not an ornamental one.

FROM IOWA.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CONVENTION OF THE IOWA ASSOCIATION FOR DEAF—MARRIAGE OF DEGENERATES IN WISCONSIN.

Next summer the twentieth century convention of the Iowa Association of the Deaf will meet in Dubuque, Iowa. Opinions are now being discussed as to the best date for meeting. One suggests the date of July 3—7 inclusive, as the best time. The Wisconsin Association for the Deaf meets at the same time at La Crosse. Then it is suggested that both the Iowa and Wisconsin Associations should hold a joint meeting at Prairie Du Chien, Wis., across from McGregor, Ia. This seems to be a nice suggestion, but it is impracticable as, the members cannot afford the expense of going to the joint meeting after holding their own meetings at their own appointed places. Besides this, many cannot leave their employment in factories, shops and the farm, to meet during the above date.

Others suggest a date in September, when they can spare a few days from their employment to attend the convention. The latter suggestion seems to be the best. The executive board will soon decide the date, then all can arrange for it. It is expected that there will be a larger attendance at this convention than ever before, for the fact that more deaf-mutes live in the Eastern part of Iowa in such cities as Dubuque, Clinton, Davenport, Muscatine, Burlington, Keokuk, Iowa City, Marshalltown, Waterloo and vicinity. Several important matters will be considered in this convention, besides the suggestion for several bills to be introduced in the next legislature, and the appointment of committees to secure favorable legislation.

The next important matter to be considered is the date and place to hold the semi-centennial convention in 1904, to celebrate the semi-centennial year of the establishment of the Iowa School for the deaf in Iowa City, by the late Prof. W. E. Hays. Now, in advance, we will suggest the place at Iowa City, where the school was first started, for such a celebration, and we will suggest the nomination and election of Prof. now Rev. J. J. Middleton, the first pupil who entered the school, as President of the convention for the ensuing three years. This would be doing justice and great honor to Iowa City, as the cradle of the school, and to Mr. Middleton, as the first baby nursed in the cradle.

He is the first confirmed missionary among the deaf in Iowa, all worked out and secured by his own untiring efforts. It would be a deserving honor to elect him as the next President of the Iowa Association of the Deaf, commencing in 1904, at the close of the fiftieth year of the Iowa School for the Deaf. The convention to be held at Dubuque next summer will see some struggles, revolution, of ideas, suggestions, opinions and stirring debates which will make it memorable. We hope all will have a happy and harmonious meeting.

MARRIAGE OF DEGENERATES.

W. L. Woodward of La Crosse, Wis., has prepared a bill prohibiting the marriage of degenerates, physical and moral, and affecting marriages to the control of a board of physicians; and State Senator Stout of Menominee has consented to introduce the measure in the legislature. While the senator has consented to introduce the bill as a courtesy to Mr. Woodward, it is unlikely that he will advocate it, for he is a man of fine intelligence, and it must be obvious to him as it is to all that, however desirable prevention of the union of physical and moral degenerates may be, statutory prohibition of such unions would result in immorality. The law would create a worse evil than it was intended to remedy.

The bill goes on to say that the degenerate class includes a certain class of deaf-mutes, the blind, idiots, insane and ignorant, vicious drunken persons, and other persons unfit to be allowed marriage licenses. These persons must first be examined by a board of physicians, before a marriage permit will be allowed them. They cannot secure a license without a permit from the board. Secret marriages without a license or permit will be a misdemeanor, and punished.

Much of what is termed deterioration, especially moral deterioration, is a product of environment, the environment is a result of bad

social conditions, the social conditions are an outcome of vicious economic system, and the economic system is due to unequal privilege-conferring legislation. Under equitable laws, which should favor no individual or class at the expense of others, much of the deterioration would in time disappear. The bill proposes to deal with effects instead of causes. Since the advent of man upon earth, the law of "survival of the fittest" has prevailed. It is ever at work, and in normal conditions, it would abolish degenerates, since they are unfitted to survive. That it has not done so is due to the circumstance that in all civilized nations poverty and crime-begetting economic systems are producing degenerates, or so-called degenerates, faster than the natural law can remove them. Under such a law, how could ignorant or uneducated deaf-mutes in the State secure a permit to marry under the examination of the State Board of Physicians? Such persons would be held under moral deterioration and be refused a permit, and so it would be impossible for another class to secure a permit on account of poverty and impossibility to support a family. If the Board of Physicians considered the persons fit subjects for marriage, and able to support a family, they would grant them a permit to secure a license to marry. Another proposed law forbids wedding ceremonies to be performed on Sabbath days and licenses must be procured five days before the marriage ceremony can be performed. This law is in a Dubuque paper says:

Senator Stout is a brother to the millionaire banker and lumberman of Dubuque.

Now the deaf-mutes of Wisconsin will have a chance to fight against the passage of such a law in their State, as far as it concerns a part of their own class. Such a law may be far reaching, and would be a hardship on the deaf community, the more intelligent ones might escape, but the uneducated and partly educated ones might be engulfed in the meshes of the law and be prevented from committing the crime of matrimony. JULIEN.

He Got the Hat.

An Allegheny school teacher had occasion to reprimand one of the boys in her school for some infraction of the rules, and she sent him into a small room to wait until after school had been dismissed for the day. The boy did not care to wait for the punishment which he had good reason to believe was in store for him, so he got out of the room through a window, leaving his hat behind him. This was on Friday afternoon. The boy remained near the school until the other pupils came out, and then he persuaded one of the smaller boys to go back and ask the teacher for his hat. The teacher refused to give it to him and said that the boy must come for it himself.

On Monday morning the same little boy came up to her desk and said, "Please may I have that hat to take home?"

"No, you cannot have it. He must come for it himself."

"But he can't come," was the reply.

"Why not?" asked the teacher. "Cause he was drowned Saturday," he was in swimming Saturday."

The boy received the hat after the teacher had recovered from the shock of the abrupt announcement of the fatality.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The Florida pineapple growers wish to form a trust. They are protected by a duty of \$7 a thousand on that fruit, but they believe that by combining they can get better prices than they do now.

Horse belonging to the European foreign armies in China are dying off by hundreds, but the Missouri mule is reported to eat every time he gets a chance, and to show no signs of knocking under.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE question of having pupils of schools for the deaf wear uniforms is deserving of study and attention by the heads of institutions. To the inexperienced, the suggestion of a uniform may be instantly scouted. This is especially likely to be the case in localities wherein no uniforms are known save those worn by soldiers. Under such conditions, the pupils are liable to apprehend that the uniform is to proclaim that they are deaf and dumb, and afford an outward method of distinguishing them from other people. Naturally they do not want to parade their affliction. But if the proper spirit of the change be fully made known to them, the feeling of embarrassment which they may experience at the outset will very soon fade away. This will be more rapidly obtained, if distinctive marks of rank be placed on the uniforms of the most advanced and most deserving of the pupils, and certain duties attached to the insignia of office. A semi-military innovation is the greatest spur to a correct realization of the true meaning and mutual benefit which wearing of uniforms confers. The sense of being conspicuous soon wears away, and in its stead comes an appreciation of the neat and natty appearance which well-fitting uniformity of attire gives to the whole school.

Here at the New York Institution, the experimental stage has long ago been passed. The uniforms all fit the respective wearers, as each has been measured for his suit. The boys present a "smart" appearance, and carry themselves as though they desired to live up to their clothes. There is no slouching or shuffling gait, and although they indulge in every form of sport and have all the boisterous fun that they enjoyed while in the varied, cheap, and nondescript civilian dress, there are no grease spots or dirt noticeable on their clothes for any length of time. The inevitable soiling that comes to wearing apparel on a good and healthy boy, is removed at once, and the trousers never go long enough neglected to obliterate the crease made by the tailor's goose. In other words, instead of the grease, we find the crease, and the boys look smart and dressty.

In New York, uniformed school boys are common enough, and are invariably connected with the high-toned private academies, such as the famous Barnard School, and the uniforms adopted by this school differ only in the monogram from those worn by the pupils of the New York Institution.

A NEW paper for the deaf has just made its appearance. It is published and edited by John H. Geary at Syracuse, N. Y., and is about the size of the recently suspended *Deaf World of Ohio*. The paper is called the *Recorder*, and the space not taken up with local advertisements contains some solid, sensible reading matter. The editor is not dismayed at the failures of like ventures in the past, and announces that not fearing failure he is courting success. For all newspaper ventures that have the welfare of the deaf as their

aim, the JOURNAL has the best of good wishes and a cordial welcome. No one can judge of a newspaper by its initial issue, therefore no criticism is in order. The paper is for the public, and the public will decide its fitness, and upon the verdict of the public its success or failure will depend. The subscription price is one dollar a year, and the editor's address 535 S. Clinton Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

ROCHESTER.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Wood, of Broeze Park, invited about thirty-five of their friends to watch the old year out and the new in, on the evening of December 31st. A very enjoyable evening was spent. Whist was played, and very pretty prizes were awarded the lucky winners. Very nice refreshments were served. Those present beside the host and hostess and family were Mrs. and Mr. Rev. Dantzer, Mr. and Mrs. Fr. Wackerman, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Hoxie, Misses Wackerman, Matthews, Hebing, Messrs. Gibbs, Hebing, Brown, Breithaupt, Bartel, George Brown, and Stevens, on account of the bad weather that prevailed, were unable to come.

Mr. Pasko, of Geneva, N. Y., spent a few days in Rochester recently. Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York City, was the guest of Mrs. and Mr. Rev. Dantzer, the week before Christmas, and conducted service in St. Luke's Church on the evening of December the twenty-third. The sermon he delivered was both interesting and instructive. About forty-five attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoxie, formerly of Weedsport, N. Y., are now living in Rochester. Mrs. Hoxie was formerly Miss E. Scott and a pupil of the school here. A stereotyped lecture (illustrated) was given by Archdeacon Washburn, interpreted by Rev. Mr. Hart, Thursday evening, in the Parish House, and was very much enjoyed by the large audience that was present.

A Social will be held at the same place February fourteenth. A very small fee will be charged. There will be card playing and other amusements. Prizes will be given the winners and very nice refreshments served. Messrs. Wood, Critchley, and Stevens, were appointed a committee, the Mesdames Dantzer, Gibbs, Davis, Wackerman, Stein, and Miss Lulu Wackerman.

Feb. 2, 1901.

The Troy Guild.

The newly-formed guild of the deaf in Troy, will signalize its organization by giving a series of shadow pantomimes in the school room of St. Paul's Chapel, on State Street, on Thursday evening, February 14th, at 8 o'clock. Through the kindness of the young men of St. Paul's Church, the program will be interspersed with music and thus rendered more attractive to the hearing. The price of admission will be thirty-five cents.

The officers of the Guild are the Rev. H. VanAllen, ex-officio Chairman; Mr. C. A. Smith, Warden; Mr. C. A. Boxley, Secretary; and Mr. T. E. Carlsman, Treasurer. These, with the assistance of Messrs. Joseph Kinney, Andrew Keenan and Philip Johnson, constitute the committee in charge of the entertainment. Tickets can be obtained of any member of the committee. The proceeds of the entertainment will be divided between the Gallaudet Home, the Commission on Church Work among the Deaf and Dumb in the Diocese, and the treasury of the Guild.

There are a large number of friends of the work in Troy living at a distance, who doubtless would be glad to buy tickets to assist the work, even though they cannot attend. We suggest that these write to the chairman and secure tickets, and thus help the Guild in its early struggles.

Be Greater Than Your Position.

A distinguished theological professor once said, "If I had a son, I should tell him may times a day to make himself as big a man on the inside as possible."

Young men too often want to be big men on the outside, to occupy positions which fit them as a turtle's shell fits a clam.

Never mind your position, young man. Whatever it may be, try to fill it. The duties which you have to perform may seem trivial, but because it is a small position is no reason why you should be a small man. You may be big inside, you know, if you are small outside.

The young man who applies himself to internal growth, as it were, is bound in time to find a place where he will be able to use every power he possesses.

At any rate, better be a big man in a small place than the opposite. A pinch of powder in a small cartridge can make a deal of noise and drive a bullet a long way. What can it do in a Krupp gun?—Success.

FANWOOD D.

Our Teacher of Cooking Dead.

LECTURE ON CHINA.

Basket Ball.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

On Sunday morning the flag of the Institution was placed at half-mast, in token of respect to the memory of Miss Hattie M. Fuller, Teacher of Cooking, who died suddenly on Saturday last, from an apoplectic stroke. The principal made the sad announcement at morning Chapel service in the following words:

"It is with feelings of profound sorrow I greet you as you are assembled here this morning. Death has once more entered our midst and taken from among us a lady teacher, one whom I have known and respected for upwards of thirty years—known her as a woman of most lovely character. She was kind, good and pure, and her sole object in life seemed to have been to make others happy. The woman of whom I thus speak was Miss Hattie M. Fuller, a beloved sister of our Matron, and I am sure you all will sympathize with her in this her great loss."

"Miss Fuller was alive and in good health yesterday morning. She was well at three o'clock in the afternoon. At 4:30 her beautiful spirit had left its earthly home and gone to its reward. Let this sudden summons be a lesson to each one of you."

"Her life furnishes us with a not able example of beautiful womanhood. Try to be like her; be kind, be good, be pure and lovely, and always strive to exert a good influence over your associates, and like her be ye also ready, so that when the summons comes to you, you will be prepared to meet your Maker and your Lord."

"Miss Fuller has left us. History may never record her kind deeds. Hers was a comparatively narrow sphere of action. As a woman, however, she closely resembled the great Queen Victoria who enjoyed a much wider sphere of life, much, but Miss Fuller's life was as beautiful and as striking an example of life well lived. I can pay no higher tribute to her character. 'She hath done what she could.'"

Another of the series of lectures on China was given before the F. L. A., on Saturday evening, by Professor Isaac B. Gardener. His subject was on "Present Condition of China and the Chinese." The lecture was very interesting, and Mr. Gardner gave us several points on China and its people that was unknown to all. He told us of the various ways and government of China, and how a man, perhaps guilty or not guilty, is forced to confess and then sent to jail by tortures. It seems that China, never will be up to the other nations in various business, as commerce, manufactures, and in the improvement of its nation, for its saying is "We shall do it by and by."

Mr. Gardner's lectures was closed by a hearty vote of thanks tendered him by all who saw it.

Mrs. Currier has just recovered from the effects of the terribly rough passage she experienced in crossing the Atlantic for "home, sweet home." Mr. Currier and a friend went down the Narrows in a revenue cutter to meet his wife and niece, and brought Mrs. Currier home on Tuesday, January 29th, since which time, for a week, she has been confined to her room. All are glad she is well again. On reaching home, she found spread on a table in her dining room a hand-scrawled salad bowl, fork and spoon, of solid silver lined with gold, each etched with her monogram, "C. L. C." and a card bearing the inscription: A Merry Christmas, A Happy New Year, Many Happy Birthdays, and A Cordial Welcome Home, from the pupils, teachers and officers."

Saturday afternoon last, a very exciting game of basketball was played between the Regulars and a picked team, consisting of some of the best all around players that could be produced. The team was made up of all hearing men, and they were expected to easily down the Regulars, but the latter team had some grit in them and managed to stop the fine plays of the former. In the first half, the Regulars dropped goal after goal in the basket in quick succession, and at the end of the first half, the score was 24 to 10 in the Regulars favor. At the beginning of the second half, the picked team took a brace, and made several brilliant plays and goals, but the lead of our Regulars was too much to overcome, and at the end of the second half the score stood 38 to 23, in favor of the Regulars. Below is the names and

REGULARS.	POSITIONS	PICKED TEAM.
Stern,	Right Forward	Fisher
Dyer,	Left Forward	Van Tassel
Reiff,	Centre	Cook
Hirschhofer,	Right Guard	Cook
Fluhr,	Left Guard	Linder

Goals from field—Stern 6, Dyer 4, Fluhr 5, Hirschhofer 2, Cook 5, Fisher 3, Van Tassel 2, Linder 1. Goals from Fouls—Dyer, 4; Fisher, 1. Umpire, E. Berg. Referee, J. Amnuth, and H. Anderson. Time-keeper, H. Holmes. Scorer, B. Zwofte. Time of game, two thirty minutes halves.

Saturday last, Misses L. Smith, G. Turner and A. Judge, in company with Miss Barrager made a thorough tour of the Museum of Arts, and the various things of interest in the Central Park. It seems that the City of Churches, in which two of them live, has no interest for them, so they better ask to have their homes in this city.

At the first downfall of snow on Wednesday morning last, and as it continued all day long, the boys were made happy, for they expected some grand coasting on the following morning. So the first sign of light the next morning saw them all up and rapidly dressing, and at once making all preparations for a fine day's sport. The first boy that had his sled out, made a running jump on his sled, and was sent head over heels from it, showing that the snow was not deep enough. But they were not to be outdone, so a large number of them ran up and down the hill, making the snow hard and able to coast upon, and they then were able to enjoy themselves. We all were glad to see the snow, for we have had a green winter for the past two months.

One morning last week, a group of boys were standing around one of the tables in the sitting room, and when "yes-cribe" went to see what was going on, he found that there was a checker game going on between one of our best players, S. Friedman and a midwit, C. Siegel. The game was won by the latter, who has already won four games to two for the former.

The Proteus Boat Club, held its regular monthly meeting on Friday evening, February 1st, Harry J. Powell acted as Secretary pro tem., in place of W. Renner, who is sick.

Cadet Adjutant Brewer, went to see the annual review of the 71st Regiment on Wednesday night last. He is now proud to say that he has seen such a noted man as General Roe, who was the reviewing officer that night.

Saturday afternoon, Cadets, Powell, A. Berg, Loew, Einsfield, Eldridge, Plapinger and Berger, enjoyed themselves skating at Van Cortlandt Park. They said the ice was in fine shape for skating.

Mr. Henry Munch was a caller on a member of the basket ball team known as the "Silent Five," and which consists of all old players of the once "Fanwood Famous Five." This team has played some the best teams in the State, and has showed their opponents that the deaf can play good and clean ball. We all wish the team good luck.

Prof. Jones finished the last series of his readings on Sunday night. He has been telling us the story of "The Sky Pilot," for the past three weeks. This story is one that has a fine moral in it, and Mr. Jones caused some sad feelings in the boys and girls.

Mr. M. Reese Hutchison, inventor of the Akoullation and Akophone, visited the Institution on Sunday, to test somewhat an improved instrument for aiding the deaf to hear voice sounds.

Miss Talley and Mrs. Schntler, were visitors here on Friday last. They made a tour over the various parts of the Institution.

Miss Mary R. Berry, of Buffalo, N. Y., a caller here on Sunday. She is the sister of Miss Amelia Berry, one of the teachers here.

Mr. Andrews, inspector of the Department of Public Instruction, is at present making an exhaustive examination of the Institution.

A. C. S.

Obituary.

MRS. LEVERETT SPENCER.

KNOXBRO, N. Y., Jan. 22.—Mrs. Leverett Spencer died at the home of her son, near this village at seven A. M. yesterday, aged 85 years. Her death was due to old age, together with a slight shock. Mrs. Spencer, whose maiden name was Susan Bartle, was a highly cultured and refined woman and, although deaf and dumb from her infancy, was well informed on all the events of the day and took a deep interest in what was going on in the world at large. She moved from Madison to this vicinity about forty years ago, when her husband bought the farm on the west of this village, where she has since lived, respected and esteemed by all who knew her.

She leaves one son, Richard, who lives on the homestead, and one daughter, Mrs. R. B. Lindsley, of Hamilton; also a stepson in Geneva and a stepdaughter, Mrs. Haskell, of Washington, D. C. Her husband died nine years ago. The funeral will be held on Thursday of this week at the home.

Mrs. Spencer was educated at the old 50th street school in New York, and was the grandmother of M. Louise Lindsley, a graduate of the Rome, N. Y., school.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Very Enjoyable Surprise Party.

THE LOST IS FOUND.

Deaf Mutes Thrown Out of Work.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A number of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sharrar, of near Fox Chase, this city, took the couple by surprise on Saturday evening, February 2d, each one carrying a bundle of goodies to prevent the temporary embarrassment (?) of the host and hostess by their self-invited guests. Miss Clara L. Ford was the leading spirit in the affair, and assumed the role of "acting hostess" with signal grace and success. The host's surprise was painful (?) to behold, being caught unawares and in shop regulation costume, and his first duty was to build a fire in the parlor. But all this, cruel as it may have been to the little family, only served to make the surprise more complete and enjoyable. A delightful evening was spent in social intercourse while all the guests were seated in a circle in the parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Sharrar had been married ten years on January 28th. A little celebration was contemplated, but, owing to the illness of Mrs. Sharrar, it was given up. Their friends then planned this pleasant evening for them.

The acting hostess later claimed the attention of all by serving them with delicious refreshments. Soon after that, owing to the distance from which the guests came, they dispersed for their homes; but it was 2 A. M. before some reached them.

The following are the other guests:

Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mrs. E. E. Roop, Mrs. Maria L. Cooley, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Paul, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reider, Mrs. L. A. Harrison, Miss M. E. Taylor, Miss Dora Kintzel, Miss S. A. McKee, Messrs. R. S. Underwood, John Q. Hahn, Wm. McKinney, H. E. Arnold, Masters C. B. Paul and Albert D. Roop, and Sadie L. Reider.

William Stone, Jr., the young man whom we reported missing in our last letter, was found long before the JOURNAL had gone to press, in fact, about the very time that we were writing that letter, only it was some days afterwards that we learned of it.

On Monday night, January 28th, a policeman found a man lying on the steps of a house near Eleventh and Arch Streets. He was not drunk as at first supposed, but appeared demented and was sent to the Philadelphia Hospital without knowing who he was. Later, when the police were instructed to look out for Stone, the man they had picked up and sent to the hospital was remembered, and, on investigation, he proved to be the one wanted.

By the failure of the large shoe-making firm of John Mundell & Company, on Saturday last, three deaf-mutes will have to "seek pastures new" unless it will be decided to continue the business under the assignee. The employees, however, have all been discharged. The unfortunate deaf ones are Messrs. Thomas Breen, Frederick W. Hewitt, and David McCoskey. Mr. Hewitt will make an effort to return to Newark, N. J., from whence he came.

The lithographic firm for which the writer works was also embarrassed financially last Spring, but it has apparently regained its feet. Mr. Edward D. Wilson, who lost his position by the failure of his father's wholesale clothing house, is still "looking over the field."

Some other report business unusually slack, but we hope this condition will not continue long.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Jones had quite a scare on the early morning of February 1st. At about 4:30 A. M., Mrs. Jones, who is but half deaf in one ear, was awakened by the unusual barking of their pet dog, Prince. She was inclined to pay no attention to him, but just then she felt a pounding on her door, and on opening it, found all the people of the house astr on account of a fire in a big building nearby. So close was it that she could feel the heat. She then aroused her husband and they then prepared to leave in case of necessity, but they were spared it by the fire being under control.

A friend, noticing our comment on the death of three deaf-mutes on the same day of the month—January 16th, in different years, called our attention to the death of Mr. Solomon Bacharach, as also occurring on that day, last year. Looking up our address-book, we find that our friend is in error, Mr. Bacharach having died on January 17th, 1900.

Attention is called to the following correction of our notices of C. L. A. meetings:—

The March quarterly business meeting will be held on the 14th of the month, and on the fourth Thursday, (March 28th,) the annual elections will be held.

Levi Cooper's mother and little sister sail for Liverpool, England, next Saturday, to attend the bedside of Levi's sick grandmother. They may be gone several weeks.

George W. Campbell was last reported to be doing well at the Pennsylvania Hospital.

B. Bellringer talks in high terms of the Chicago Ladies' Aid Society. We congratulate the deaf of the Windy City upon having such a model society.

An enjoyable social was held by the members of the Cleric Literary Association, last Thursday evening. Miss Bella Remmey is ill with the grip.

William F. Irvin is also reported sick.

John M. Wismer has fully recovered from the grip and resumed his duties as Assistant Superintendent of All Souls' Bible Classes on Sunday.

Mrs. John M. Wismer mourns the death of her uncle, Jonathan Price, who died of paralysis, at Landsdale, about two weeks ago.

George S. Kelley is said to have launched in the tailoring business on his own hook, beginning on a small scale.

Mrs. L. A. De Long is expected in the city soon.

A Tinker's Dam.

There is no profanity in saying that any certain thing is not worth a tinker's dam," although it is so considered by many. The expression originated many years ago when tinkering, or mending, leaky vessels was much cruder than it is now.

In former times the use of rosin to check the flow of solder when placed on tin was not generally understood, at least by the roving tinkers. When one of these gentlemen of the road found a job, such as mending a wash boiler or other tin household utensil, he would get from the housewife or domestic a piece of soft dough. With this he would build a dam around the place where he intended to put his solder. Inside of the circle thus formed he poured the melted lead. When the metal had cooled, he would brush away the dam of dough that had confined it to the desired limits. The heat had hardened the heavy paste and baked it thoroughly, so that it was absolutely of no use for anything else. It became one of the most useless things in the world, and there was not enough of it even to be worth while carrying to the pigs.

Hence the expression, which was originally intended to convey a certain idea, appears to have been retained, while the origin is not generally known.

To the Deaf Theatre-Goer.

Wherever the JOURNAL is read, at divers times plays are presented that do not need ears to enjoy them.

Under any attraction's title that bears the well known insignia, "Gus Hill, Proprietor," you can be sure of getting the fullest return for your money. Mr. Hill's name not being featured "on the bills," makes it less known than that of some other managers, but it is not due so much to shrinking modesty on Mr. Hill's part as it is to a desire to feature the plays he produces, and after all, "The play is the thing."

This week, at the Star Theatre, New Yorkers may enjoy that rip-roaring comedy, "McFadden's Row of Flats," while Boston's deaf populace has the gorgeous "Royal Lili-pupians," a show that by comparison makes the previous exploitations of these diminutive comedians look like the traditional "thirty cents."

Others of Mr. Hill's enterprises now on tour are: "Man's Enemy," "Lost in the Desert," "Through the Brakers," "Gus Hill's New York Strikers," and still others. A coming production of Mr. Hill's will be a "starler," it is called "In old New England."

The head-office of all Mr. Hill's enterprises are here in New York, and the man on whose shoulders rest the cares of "booking," "routing," "financing," and general management, is Mr. Hollis E. Cooley, the beaming hustler, Yankee by birth, trained to his managerial profession in Kansas City, and brought from out of the West to show New York managers what a real live hustler could do.

A. L. P.

"Children and fools speak the truth." Is not this an attempt to put an age limit on lying?

"Yes," said Mr. Henpeck; "I, too, have my favorite flowers."
"And what may they be, pray?" sneered his wife.
"They are the ones that 'shut up' at night," he bravely managed to articulate.—*Harper's Bazar*

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

FEBRUARY 10TH, SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY, 3 P. M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.
St. John's Church, Yonkers.
Gallaudet Home, 11 A. M. and 3 P. M. Holy Communion.

St. ANN'S GUILD ROOM.

St. Ann's Chapter of St. Andrew's Brotherhood, Tuesday, February 12th, 8 P. M.
Dr. Walter B. Peet's lecture will be postponed from February 14th, till further notice.
Ash Wednesday services, February 20th, in St. Ann's Church at 4 P. M. and 8 P. M. No meeting Thursday evening, February 21st.

Please correct a mistake, and say that Mr. Charles H. Cooper's gift to the Building Fund of the Gallaudet Home of one hundred dollars, has been thankfully received.

The following gifts towards the current expenses of the Home have also been thankfully received: \$2.75 from Ephphatha Mission, Rochester; one dollar each from Mrs. Sip, Mrs. Carlin, Mrs. Gallaudet, Mr. James Wilson and Mr. George T. Weller.

A quiet mule is better than a balky horse

Patience will cure more pains than physic.

The less you value the world the more it is worth to you.

The seed of prayer always springs up into praise.

An unregenerated conscience may make you a conscientious brute.

A minute with God in the morning will mean God with you all day.

A man may have a good deal of religion and yet not have Christ.

Study to be quiet, except when duty calls upon you to speak.

The more we love men, the more we can see in them to love.

The Eskimos of Alaska make water-proof boots and shirts of the skin of salmon.

Character is sometimes lost before a reputation is attained.

The tender-hearted coal dealer weeps at the high price of coal. He grieves that it was so cheap last summer.

A genius never has to tell anyone he is a genius, unless he is bald. Otherwise his hair will proclaim his gifts.

Knowledge is what we learn. Wisdom is what we remember.

Poems and babies are alike. Their parents always think they are clever.

Borrowed trouble is always the most burdensome.

Whenever love talks to us, it speaks our mother tongue.

A better thing than riches is contentment without them.

Poiteness costs little and yields much.

Never shirk a duty to dodge a criticism.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

He who serves willingly serves gracefully.

Every day of our life is a page in our book. How are you writing?

Self-denial is the virtue that is most admired and least practised.

Don't try to offset the meanness of to-day with the goodness of yesterday.

Silk dresses were worn in China 4,500 years ago.

The date palm has been successfully introduced in Australia.

The best after-dinner speaker we know of, is the man who offers to pay the bill.

When you agree with a man he will generally have a good opinion of your judgment.

The man who points out our faults to us is a true friend, but we would like to kick him just the same.

A woman of experience says it is impossible to keep children or stair carpets in place without using the rod.

Marriage promotes longevity, notwithstanding its tendencies to produce premature baldness.

It is said that a woman with a cheerful expression and manner of repose always looks younger than her real age.

If a woman wants a welcome when she returns home she should leave her husband with the baby when she goes.

Happy that nation, fortunate that age, whose history is not diverting.

To bear other people's afflictions every one has courage enough and to spare.

NEW YORK.

The Mask Ball Quite a Success.

A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Birthday Party—A Lecture—Other Items.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The masquerade ball given by the League of Elect Surds, in Leidenkranz Hall on the evening of February 2d, was a great success, both socially and financially, and to Charles L. Schindler belongs the credit for its inception and management.

The hall is a new one, and is well adapted to such purposes as balls and receptions, and has a stage for theatricals. The stage was not used this time. Instead, on the drop curtain, and running completely across it, was the inscription, in golden letters a foot high, "LEAGUE OF ELECT SURDS." The hall was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting, and presented a charming and picturesque appearance.

Treasurer Fox was in the box office, Mr. Souweine took the pastebord, assisted by Mr. Redington, and Mr. Schindler did everything else and was everywhere.

There were nearly three hundred present when the grand march began with sixty-eight couples in line, about half of whom wore fancy costumes and masks.

Prof. Chas. A. Kleine furnished the music for the dancing that followed, there being ten dances in each part.

A good supper was furnished for a small price, and plenty of fun and merriment was had by all.

To give a list of all the costumes is impossible, but a few are here appended:—

The English Prize Baby—Adolph Ekarid.

Irish Maid—Miss Addie Wolfe.

Pink and Blue Domino—Mrs. Conzelman.

Queen of May—Mrs. Marx Levy.

Jockey—A. Durr.

Bride—May Rosenfield.

Student—M. Bammann.

Colweb Girl—Pauline Settle.

Tambourine Girl—Mrs. Rachel Coakley.

Spring Violet—Miss Bertha Sphan.

Princess—Miss E. Bammann.

Hamlet—Albert Wokal.

Flower Girl—B. Wenbach.

Milkmaid—Miss Louise Kummer.

Evening Star—Miss M. Fenall.

Sailor—Emil Stipek.

Nurse—Miss Churchill.

Japanese Musnee—Miss Bennett.

Foot Ball Player—H. Fricken.

Blue Girl—Lottie Newnan.

Arab—Teddy S. Rose.

Forget-me-not—Mrs. Charles L. Schindler.

Basket Ball Player—Charles Sanford.

Liberty—A. Kollenbaum.

School Marm—Mrs. Frey.

Besides a number of clowns, harlequins, and fantastic personages, whose identity was not revealed.

Among those who attended were: Mr. and Mrs. Heyman and Miss Bertha Block, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mrs. E. Brown, Mrs. Neiser, Messrs. Frankenheim, Baxter, Greis, Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Knox, Joshua Levy and Miss Chaimowitz, Mr. and Mrs. Lounsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Galand, Messrs. J. P. O'Brien, the Moran brothers, Frank Brown, Shea, Prinsinzin, Muench, Frank Heydon, Mrs. Rose Heydon, and a host of others, including all the members of the League except two and the non residents.

On Saturday January 26th, a merry party of mutes met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fersenheim at Mott Haven, the occasion being the fifth anniversary of their wedding. Mr. Senior made an address which was heartily welcomed by all present. The presents consisted of an oak desk, a cabinet, a rocker and a waste basket. Mr. Fersenheim made an appropriate speech in which he thanked his friends on behalf of himself and wife, especially as it was his birthday. Mr. Mann was next asked to say something. He responded with the story of how Mr. Fersenheim caught a centipede five inches long. At eleven o'clock supper was announced, upon which all repaired to the dining room, where sandwiches, bouillon, cakes, fruit, ice-cream and coffee was served. After supper, the party was portrayed by a flashlight, which was operated by Mr. Vernon. Conversation was indulged in till quite a late hour. Every one declared they had had a most enjoyable time. Those contributing to the presents were: Mr.

and Mrs. H. C. Juhring, Mr. Christian Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hennings, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. R. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Mann, Mr. Frank Senior, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Thompson, Mr. Moses Heyman, Mr. Michael Leary, Mrs. Mary Zorn, Miss Mary Wallbrecht.

The lecture given Dr. Walter B. Peet, last Thursday evening, at the room of the Brooklyn Guild, was very interesting and at times thrillingly so. Dr. Peet was somewhat late in arriving, but before half past eight he reached the hall. Taking the rostrum he soon obtained the attention of the entire assembly which he kept throughout his discourse. His lecture, "First Aid to the Injured," he illustrated with a living subject, that proud individual being Joshua Levy. Demonstration after demonstration of the value of "First Aid" followed each other in rapid succession, and at times the audience was so intensely interested that the entire body unconsciously arose to its feet and stretched forward to obtain a nearer view of what was occurring at the front. At the conclusion of the lecture, the young doctor was greeted with rousing applause, and soon after was the center of an admiring crowd who shook his hand and congratulated him upon the great "hit" which he had scored. Those deaf of Brooklyn who were not present missed one of the best literary treats that has been given in Greater New York for a long time past. As the lecture is to be repeated at St. Ann's Church very soon, they are advised to attend and see it for themselves, as it is worth double the price of admission.

After the service in St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, Sunday the 27th of January, Miss Hanatha Henry invited to her cozy rooms, to partake of a bountiful supper, Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Mann, and Miss Ackerman, of Yonkers, Mrs. Wollman and Miss Ecka, Mrs. Kidd, and "Old Mollie" of the old century, and a gentleman whose name escaped the writer's memory. He claimed to know much about Queen Victoria. Later in the evening there dropped in for a friendly chat Mr. Leo Gries, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. McMeichen, Mr. McMeichen is employed in the factory of Smith & Meinken.

Fire has rendered the crepe paper and block-cutting establishment of Smith & Meinken useless for business purposes. It is not known just how much damage has been done, but it is sufficient to close the factory for the time being, which throws out of work about twenty deaf-mutes and a great many more hearing employees.

"McFadden's Row of Flats" was inspected by Messrs. Pach, Hodgson and Lounsbury, last week, and found to be in good shape, containing all modern improvements, and delighting the crowds that nightly taxed the seating accommodations of the Star Theatre. The urbane Mr. Cooley gave the trio the glad hand.

Mrs. James Russell had a quiet birthday party on Thursday, January 13th, and among her lady friends who helped celebrate and presented her with mementoes of the occasion were: Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Heyman, Mrs. Bettels, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Lounsbury, and Misses Jaycox and Labischner.

The son and heir of Anthony Capelli was named after his proud papa, on Sunday. The ceremony was performed by Father Held, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Tremont.

Charles H. Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y., has just come into his share of the Cooper estate, amounting to \$20,000. It was \$100 that Mr. Cooper donated to the Gallaudet Home—not \$1.

William Scott Abrams ran down an impostor last week, and was commended by Magistrate Brann for the public-spirited service he performed in bringing about a conviction.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet did not have as large an audience as he deserved, last Thursday evening, when he related "Reminiscences," probably because of the counter-attraction in Brooklyn.

The house of George E. August, on East 60th Street, was entered by burglars, who got away with George's overcoat, twenty-five dollars in cash, and a quantity of table silver.

The alumni of the Lexington Avenue School recently held a meeting at the school, for the purpose of holding a reunion and banquet in the near future.

Theo. S. Rose is to attend the Ball and Reception of the Employees of Siegel, Cooper & Co., at Madison Square Garden, on Saturday evening, January 9th.

Isaac Newton Soper has just emerged from his bedroom, wherein he and the grip had a tussle for the supremacy, Isaac winning in a hard-fought contest.

After nearly a week pleasantly spent in Gotham, Joseph D. Lever has returned to Ilion, N. Y., and is again at work in the manufacture of typewriters.

and Mrs. H. C. Juhring, Mr. Christian Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hennings, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. R. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Mann, Mr. Frank Senior, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Thompson, Mr. Moses Heyman, Mr. Michael Leary, Mrs. Mary Zorn, Miss Mary Wallbrecht.

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OHIO.

The Work of the Ladies' Aid Society.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Experience with a Burglar.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 994 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Ladies' Aid Society held its installation meeting on the 17th ult. The retiring president, Miss May Greener, delivered her valedictory, in which she spoke of the work done during the past year, and thanked the members for the hearty co-operation in the work, and asked for the same support to her successor. The treasurer then made her report, showing the receipts with the balance on hand when she took charge of the office, to have been for the year \$555.12.

The expenditures for the same time were \$230.60, leaving a balance on hand at the close of the year of \$324.52. This is certainly a good showing, and one the ladies can justly feel proud of.

The expenditures were all in aid of the Home, chief of which was \$101.50 for furniture, rugs, bed, clothing and utensils; \$81.05 was contributed to the barn fund, and \$9 for robes. The Society was organized in 1884, and up to date, it has raised in the way of entertainments and socials \$1,038.14, and expended \$713.62. The president has appointed the following visiting and purchasing committees: Misses Stelzig, Bard and Moore, to serve from January to June, and Misses Long, Dresback and Mrs. Schwartz, to serve from July to December.

The whole membership of the Society was divided into two sections, and each is to give some kind of an entertainment during the year by which the funds of the treasury are to be increased.

Mr. Herman Koelle was given a birthday party last Saturday by his Cleveland friends, and that it was a fine affair goes without saying. Mr. Wasserstrom was made master of ceremony, and he did his part to perfection, for he has the happy knack of knowing how to do the right thing at the proper time.

Mr. Koelle has reasons to long remember the occasion, for he was presented with a huge pipe, of a make which the "unspeakable Turk" delights to puff, and other articles which delight the smoker accompanied the gift. It is needless to say Herman was thankful to the donors for their kind remembrance of him. After a series of games, a toothsome lunch was set out, and every one fell to dissect and analyze it. Besides the members of Mr. Koelle's family, there were present: Mr. and Mrs. Kleinhaus, Mr. and Mrs. John Royce, Mr. and Mrs. Edam, Mrs. Hummer and daughter, Miss McClintock, Miss Marsh and Miss Hirz. The gentlemen present were Messrs. Harrington, Enlert, Bialoski, Feldkamp, Woolmington, Adelson, Dyson, Viets, Friday, Wasserstrom, Kinkel and Krull.

One of the members of the party upon reaching his home, met with an experience that quickly made him forget the pleasures of the evening just enjoyed. It is thus told in the *Chronicle*:

Joseph Adelson had a narrow escape from serious injury, and perhaps death, on the night of the party at Mr. Koelle's. On his return home he started around the house to enter by a side door, when he noticed a large window in the store kept by his brother and a partner broken and stopped to investigate, only to have a revolver in the hand of a burglar pushed in his face. He dodged back and made for the front door and soon brought down his brother and others living over the store. His pounding and yelling also scared the intruder off, who left behind him a large quantity of goods he had packed up all ready to cart off. A negro is now in jail charged with having a hand in it.

The gentleman having the erection of a new barn at the Home to look after has completed the lumber contract. Thus far the frame part of the structure, or a portion of it, was to be on the grounds the first of this month. Mr. Charles Osborn of Xenia, will superintend its construction with several deaf carpenters. If he can be obtained to assist him, they came up last Saturday and has in the meantime been doing some much needed carpenter work in the main building.

The chief and eldest society of the Institution, Clonian, has a new set of officers, chosen at the last meeting to serve till June. They are: James Thompson, president; Bessie McFadden, vice-president; John Mueller, secretary; Enna Boyd, assistant secretary; Albertha Hannaford, librarian; Robert Marcha, assistant librarian; Lillian McFadden, critic. According to the treasurer's report, the Society has \$54.45 to its credit and in its library there are 448 books.

When we see Prof. Odebrecht wearing an overcoat we will know cold weather has come to stay. He seems to be a kind of weather indicator. He had been going without his outer coat all this

season until Sunday, when asked the Friday previous why he was minus his overcoat? the reply came "Winter has not set in yet." Sunday, however, he was seen wearing it, and when the question was put to him the answer was: "It is winter now." And sure it has been winter all week with a five-inch depth of snow, the boys and girls delighted at the pleasure it affords, sledding, and those who have sleighs, well they are using to their hearts' content. Another thing, that unwelcome visitor, Lagrippe, has been knocked out, and if he will stay out for the rest of the season, well and good.

Poor John White! We fear his end is near, for he is reported sick with a malady that is slowly sapping his life away. He has been a character about the Institution, and there are few who have been connected with it, as pupils and teachers' since 1860, who do not remember him and his eccentricities.

The Columbus Advance Society's ball came off last evening in the girls' recreation hall of the Institution. The affair was well patronized, and from all appearances all who attended enjoyed themselves.

We have been a writer for the JOURNAL for about a fifth of a century, and in all that time have not received nor asked as a favor copies of the I. P. F., as a courtesy. Old time writers for the hearing receive regularly copies of publications in the State. We do not lay claim to such favors, though the I. P. F. publications have often made use of our material and have thus been benefited. We speak of the matter here, because for several weeks past a copy of the *New Era* published at the Illinois Institution, has been mailed us. We did not know the reasons for such action, but the last copy sent had on its wrapper "Complimentary." We do not know who is responsible for its sending, but all the same, "thank you." The favor is duly appreciated.

This is groundhog day—well, the weather has been against the little fellow, and has crept back into his hole to remain six weeks longer.

The editor of the *Silent Hoosier* insinuates that one reason why the *Deaf World* removes to his city is because the Ohio deaf were not very liberal in their support of the paper. That's all bosh, or claptrap. Later, when the paper has been with him a year or two, he will know more than he does now.

Perhaps he would take it as a compliment were we to say that the Indiana deaf like to be fooled. But we do not desire to discourage a fellow. So we will say no more at present.

Feb. 2, '01. A. B. G.

Deaf-Mutes Remembered.

Prof. H. R. Reaves of New York City, Mrs. E. Andrews of Chicago, and Prof. Charles Kerney of Indianapolis, held services yesterday afternoon in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, for the deaf-mutes of this city and Pasadena. In an interesting paper Prof. Kerney said:

"Numerous stories and incidents about the life of Queen Victoria are getting into print, and it is noticeable that all reveal a beautiful soul rich in rare kindness and generosity. She seems to have been really delighted to see others prosper and happy, and the example of such a woman is of priceless value. Such noble women are a world-wide blessing."

The speaker here gave an incident in which he showed the queen's generosity to a deaf-mute, whose father once offered an umbrella to Victoria and her husband, who had been caught in the rain.

Another anecdote told by Prof. Kerney was as follows:

"Soon after the inauguration of the Deaf-Mute Institution at Edinburg, said to be the most imposing school of the kind in the world—so that Queen Victoria expressed a desire to purchase it for a royal residence—she took a party there for a visit. While going around the corridors of the institution the queen was accompanied by the Prince of Wales (now king Edward VII) then a very little boy. The boy was anxious to look out of the windows into the quadrangle in the center of the building, and in order to do so he climbed up with his feet on the waistcoat. The queen reproved him for doing so, but shortly afterwards he repeated this, and the next time the queen to the surprise of the party, gave the prince a sound box on the ear."—*Los Angeles Express*, Jan. 28.

Part of It.

"Yes, sir; we have 200 deaf and dumb inmates on the roll of the institution, and fully 100 of them are voters."

"Indeed? This must be a part of the silent vote to which reference is so frequently made in the daily papers."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

There are certain flowers the perfume of which is produced by microbes.

People do not grow much in grace while they are having their own way.

CHICAGO.

A Treasurer with a Good Memory.

A SILVER WEDDING.

Roundabout Jottings.

The Pas-a-Pas Club met Saturday evening last, for business, and the meeting was presided over by Mr. Wayman, the new president. He has made a good beginning of his administration. As usual the minutes of the preceding meeting were read by Mr. J. J. Kleinhaus. Mr. Harry Hart, the treasurer, made an itemized report from memory, without looking at his book. The ex-treasurers were dumbfounded at his good memory. His father owns a large wholesale clothing house, in which Harry is a book-keeper. He is going to be a good "Napoleon" financier. Now we are wondering, if he can give his yearly report, when his office expires, from memory.

Mr. Ivan Heymansson was admitted to the club as member.

A report of the Ball Committee was given, and after a hot discussion and unfavorable argument, it was decided that we have no ball this season.

A motion was made and passed to petition the new governor to appoint Mr. Codman's brother-in-law, Mr. William F. Koch, State Adjutant General. He is quartermaster of Illinois Infantry, and his many friends believe that he will be the appointee.

Mr. George C. Root, of La Porte, Texas, was a visitor at the club, and explained what he saw of the late Galveston horrors. He has a fruit and cotton farm near Galveston.

Mr. Thomas Ritchie was asking each member for his address at the meeting. What for? Something is suspected.

The members missed the two Hymans at the meeting very much, as these fellows are good and gentlemanly. Gussie is an engraver in his brother's first class jewelry store, and his cousin Fredo is a job printer and master of his trade.

Mr. Ashton Bissland, the new member, who is trying to learn the sign language, had, it seems, much interest in the proceedings, and understood what was going on, through the kindness of Rev. Hasenstab writing brief notes to him.

The silver wedding of Mr. Ivan Heymansson's parents was celebrated Friday evening, January 25th. They were presented with silverware. The company enjoyed this memorable occasion. Rabbi in Germany, who married the couple twenty years ago, sent a letter of congratulations, after reading the announcement of their approaching twenty-fifth anniversary in a paper in Germany, and made their hearts happy.

Mr. Joseph Kolhoff, formerly of Detroit, Michigan, is an enterprising merchant tailor in South Chicago, on 91st Street. He opened his store one year ago this month, and has been kept busy ever since. He has just bought one hundred dollars worth of goods for spring opening. The mills in South Chicago are running day and night all the year around, and it is the reason why Mr. Kolhoff is very busy.

A birthday party in the honor of Miss Maude German was held on Thursday evening, January 31st, at the home of her parents. A diamond ring was presented to her from her father, Dr. German, a practicing doctor in Morgan Park. Those invited were Messrs. Wayman, Regensburg, Hart and Frank, and Misses Acheson, Knight and Wayman. Of course they had a good time.

Killing is still kept up. John McCormick, a deaf and dumb youth, was run over and killed by a C. & E. T. switch engine last Wednesday. He was employed as a soap wrapper by the N. K. Fairbank Soap Company. He lived with his mother, and was about twenty-one years old.

A card party will take place at the club rooms Saturday evening, February 9th.

As the date of February 23d

Queen Victoria.

Mr. Charles Kerney, at a commemorative meeting of the deaf, of Los Angeles, Cal., told the following anecdote about Queen Victoria:—

There was a little girl, named Elizabeth Groves, born deaf and dumb, in the neighborhood of Osborne House. Her father was postmaster of the village. One day he was standing at his door when a Londoner appeared and called his attention to the fact that it was about to rain; that Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were some distance off, and had no umbrella.

Her father went after them, and, as it was raining, offered the use of the umbrella. The offer was accepted, and he was requested to accompany the Queen and Prince to Osborne House. He did so, and the royal pair spoke pleasantly to him on the road. When her father reached Osborne House with the Queen and Prince, he was sent to the kitchen, and some refreshments were given him. In a while, \$25 The umbrella is now in the possession of her brother, though it is all the worse for wear.

Through the Queen's influence the deaf-mute girl was sent to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in London. Here she was favorably known as "the Queen's child."

She was afterward married to a deaf Londoner. Previous to her marriage she made the greater part of the woolen boots and clothing for the royal children, and other articles for Victoria's own wear. The front room at her father's post office was usually set out with her Berlin wool work, and the Queen never visited Osborne House without coming to the postoffice and purchasing the whole of the stock. The royal family at this time were only young, and needed many woolen articles of dress. When the deaf and dumb woman became ill at her father's house, the Queen, while at Osborne House, was a frequent visitor and spent much time speaking to her in the deaf and dumb language, never allowing any one to interpret for her. When the deaf-mute was on her dying bed, Queen Victoria came to see her and, to revive her, gave her a smelling bottle (also in her brother's possession.) She also gave her a Bible with her own name inscribed, "Victoria."

At her last visit, before going to Balmoral, knowing she should never see her again in this world, the Queen bent down and kissed the dying woman and went downstairs. As though she had forgotten something, the Queen returned; bade her good-by again, kissed her once more, and left for Balmoral. The deaf-mute was buried in Osborne House churchyard March 12, 1874. Queen Victoria aided financially the deaf woman's parents, of limited means, till they died.

The Queen has patronized the numerous schools for the education of the deaf throughout her kingdom and empire on a liberal scale—with her own money. She seems to have derived more satisfaction from the aid she rendered in private. Every incident, every bit of light thrown upon her character, shows her to have been warm and sunny and full of sympathy.

The devil would rather start a church fuss any time than to sell a barrel of whisky.

When the devil was cast out of heaven he stole an angel's robe with which to hide his cloven hoof.

One of the biggest fools in the world is the man who thinks the devil's husks can make him fat.

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Reserved Seats, - 35 Cents.

1893 1901

GRAND MASQUERADE BALL

OF THE

NEW JERSEY Deaf-Mute Society

JACOBY'S HALL, Newark, N. J.

FEBRUARY 21, 1901
at 8.30 P.M. o'clock.

Tickets, - - 50 cents.
(including wardrobe check.)

NOTICE—A prize will be given to the lady with the handsomest costume, and a prize to the gentleman with the most comical costume.

How to reach the hall.—From New York, take the C. R. R. of N. J. (Liberty Street) to Broad Street Station, Newark. Turn to the left and walk one block south. Or take the P. R. R. to Market Street, walk west to Broad Street, then turn to the left and walk three blocks south. Trains leave New York every half hour.

All communications should be addressed to Charles T. Hummer, care New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society, 755 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

COMMITTEE:

JOHN B. WARD, Chairman.
PAUL KEES. CHAS. T. HUMMER.
GUS. MATZART. MORTEN MOSES.

GALLAUDET HOME FOR DEAF-MUTES.

THE carefully prepared plans for the new building on the old site, to be fire-proof and adapted to the needs of fifty inmates, each having a separate room, call for \$48,400 to complete the structure with its inside wood and iron work.

The Building Fund now amounts to \$48,150.38. Ten thousand (\$10,000) dollars more will be needed for heating, plumbing, lighting and incidentals. Much work has been accomplished, but the building will not be finished before next Summer.

Donations may be sent to:—

Mr. Walter S. Kemey, Treasurer, 7 East 82d Street, New York City.
Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 587 West 145th Street, New York City.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M., New York City.

Mr. F. L. Seligey, Deaf-Mutes' Register, Rome, N. Y.

Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, 11 Mason Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

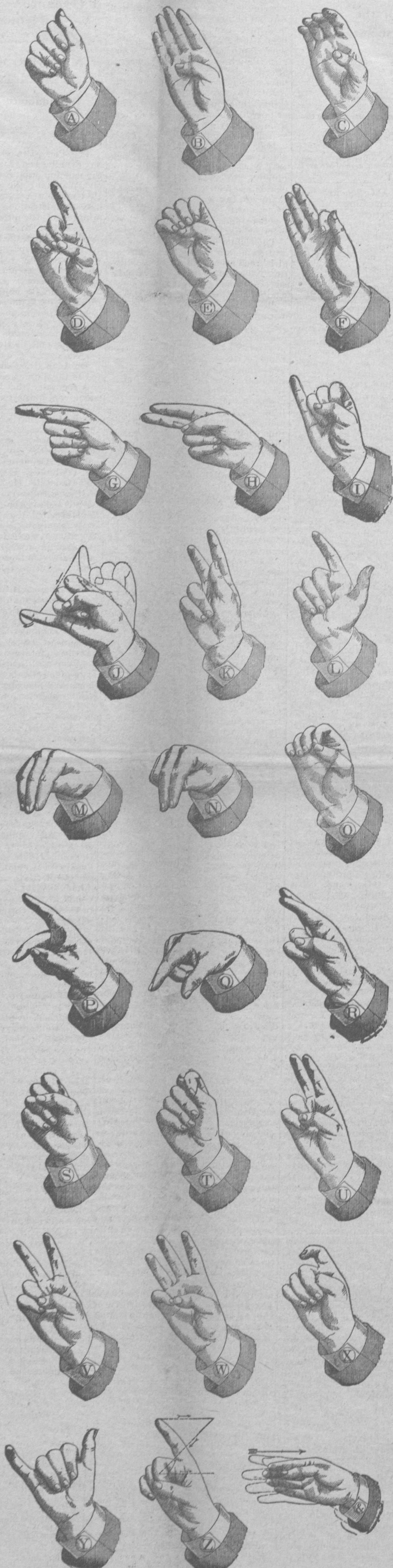
or to the undersigned, 112 West 78th Street, New York City,

THOMAS GALLAUDET,
General Manager of

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, incorporated in 1872, the Society to which the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes belongs.

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